why not me?

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why not me?

by MarsTheWriter

Summary

There was a stillness from both sides. For a moment, McCree had grown a bit concerned.

Finally, Hanzo pushed out the desperately selfish words. “Stay.”

Notes

Really big trigger warnings! Please cautiously proceed

It was almost every night. Ever since that forsaken evening, Hanzo never slept correctly. He swore he tried.

The dream started out fine. In the Shimada palace, Hanzo sat beside Genji. They both tucked into large bowls of ramen, almost as if they were having a competition of some sort. Genji had the largest smile on his face.

He hadn't seen that smile in what felt like an eternity. It felt so real, right there.

The both of them turned their attention to the doors of the hallway opening. Before he could get anything out, it went dark.

Before he knew it, he relived that damned day. The cold air ran through the atmosphere as Hanzo stared down at the bloodied puddle he created from what was his brother. Cold teardrops slipped down his cheeks as he fell to his knees, his hands falling directly into the crimson liquid.

What had he done?

His voice, dry and tired, simply whispered. "I'm sorry, my brother." The silence that filled the temple were disturbed by a few choked sobs from the young master.

The aftermath of the situation came quick.

Hanzo wrote one thing, '*I apologize for what I did.'*

The pumps of his heart echoed in his ears. The small thumps of his pacing itched at his skin.

Hanzo took a stop in front of his bed. The elders made him do it. His brother was dead because of him, he listened to them blindly. He didn't deserve this title anymore, Genji should've been here.

He reached forward and slowly lifted the shiny knife he lifted off the kitchen staff earlier.

"For you, brother." He lifted the knife to his wrist, taking a sharp inhale. "For you."

Hanzo's eyes shot open, the oni felt light pants run from his lips. He waited for eyesight to adjust in the dark bedroom. Hanzo slowly sat up and turned to the body next to him. Jesse was fast asleep, thank god.

Quietly, he pulled the blankets off of him and stood up. Hanzo immediately felt his legs turn to jelly, he leaned onto the wall and rested his forehead onto his forearm, trying to quiet his breathing.

After a few moments, he leaned away from the wall and dragged himself out of the still bedroom. There was a small numbing tingle that ran through his tattooed arm. The feeling

started to spread through the rest of his body as he entered the kitchen, a burning feeling began to grow in his throat as he opened a cabinet for a glass.

“You’re fine, Hanzo.” He whispered to himself. “You always are.” He could taste the denial on his tongue, it was as sour as a lemon covered in salt.

He shut his eyes for a moment, holding back tears as he took a step back. In his old life, he dreamed of living up to his given destiny. How did he end up here?

All he had ever cared of was the clan, for fuck’s sake. It was all he knew until that night. No matter how much he worked and learned, he can never forget. He used to be heir, he used to be next in line, he used to have a brother. He used to have it all, then he ruined it. He ruined it and it was his fault.

He did this to himself, he fucked it up.

He didn’t even notice he was on the ground until he felt a sharp pain in the middle of his palm. It hit him like a freight train, the reality of what he had done. Sat on his knees with his hands planted to the cold ground, Hanzo opened his eyes to see the small droplets of blood coming from his hand. He gasped, the burning sensation filling his throat again.

His eyes scanned the blood and shards of glass. For a moment, he swore he was back in that temple, watching his brother go cold and embrace death. “I’m.. Sorry.” He whispered, that familiar strained and husky voice that rung in his ears all those years ago. “I’m sorry, i’m sorry.” He repeated, cringing at his slight cracked tones. “ I’m sorry, i’m sorry, i’m so -.. so sorry. I’m sorry.” He felt those cold tears rush down his face again. “I failed you, i’m sorry, Genji.” Over and over and over, open apologies spilled from Hanzo’s lips until he felt like they’d go numb.

He didn’t bat an eye when he heard McCree’s voice down the hall, he didn’t try to hide it.

Everything felt drowned out, he could barely hear his sorry excuses of speaking. There was nothing there to focus on, his hyper breathing was too overwhelming to mellow down, his hands were shooting with pain, he couldn’t shut up. It was too much at once. The static sound in his ears only grew louder.

He was stuck in place, the glass dug into his skin and caused him to wince. He took a short, pained breath.

Hanzo felt his own weight tower him, gulping down anymore chokes he hadn’t let out. It wasn’t until he felt his head being lifted, his cries had stayed relatively quiet. McCree stared into his eyes, taking note of every part of his situation.

This only made Hanzo more on edge, his eyes widened and he attempted to drop his head. McCree wasn’t letting up.

“I want to help ya..” McCree’s smooth voice cooed. “I promise. I’m right here, sweetpea.” He scooted a bit closer to the oni, letting go of his chin and gently lifting his bloodied hand.

It took a small bit of negotiation before Hanzo had truly calmed down, tears haunted his cheeks and his breathing had kind of regulated. McCree was calmly sitting next to him, rubbing his back.

“Can ya tell me how this happened?” The oni stared into space for a few moments. “It happened.. Again.” His hoarse voice replied, not daring to even reach over a whisper. “I thought I could handle -.. Handle it. Everything felt so real.” McCree nodded. “Hanzo?”
“Hm?”
“Imma hug ya, is that alright?” McCree asked. Almost desperately, Hanzo nodded.

McCree leaned over, pulling the oni into his arms as gently as possible. “What do ya need me to do for ya, hun?”

There was a stillness from both sides. For a moment, McCree had grown a bit concerned.

Finally, Hanzo pushed out the desperately selfish words. “Stay.”

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